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Neglected Arabia



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A SCHOOL IN THE DESERT—*From National Geographic Magazine*

NEGLECTED ARABIA

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Neglected Arabia

Missionary News and Letters

Published Quarterly by

THE ARABIAN MISSION

Pictures of the Past

CHARLOTTE B. KELLIEN.

The letters that came to us to-day from far-away friends not only brought joy and cheer, but reminded us afresh, by the very address which they bore, that the fashion of this world changeth, its pomp and glory leading only to decay. Which of Uncle Sam's postmen, handling so carelessly the letter marked "Persian Gulf," and needing the injunction "Via Bombay" to ensure its despatch in the right direction, imagines that that letter is destined to traverse one of the most historic waterways in the world, where empires were rising and falling while as yet the Red Man roamed unfettered over the North American Continent. Except for Busrah, at the head of the Gulf,—which has been made famous for all time as the starting point of Sinbad the Sailor, the story of whose seven voyages is dear to the hearts of children everywhere,—one could well write *Ichabod* over this whole region, as far as it touches the thought and imagination of the West.

Yet as long ago as the 4th century B.C. Nearchus, the Admiral of Alexander the Great, starting from the mouth of the Indus, where Karachi is now situated, sailed up the Gulf and left so careful a record of his route that we can follow in his footsteps to-day. The history of this whole tract for hundreds of years afterward can only be learned from research in libraries larger than Bahrein can boast; but in the 16th century the Portuguese in their high-pooed vessels came seeking new worlds to conquer along the shores of the Gulf, and we find numerous indications of their occupation in ruined battlements, watch-towers, and churches at various points. In spite of opposition from Arab and Persian seamen, the Portuguese continued to reap a rich harvest here for 150 years, but finally disappeared only to be succeeded by the Dutch, the French and finally the English in whose hands the control of this inland sea still rests.

These foreign ships of a bygone age have long since vanished, although the Arabs still cling to the type of sailing vessels used by their fathers, and we are able to make our journey in the more comfortable, if less romantic, line of English steamers which bind our distant mission stations with India and thence with the homeland.

Maskat, our first port of call, is shut in on three sides by high barren mountains, and is not visible until we are almost abreast, when it suddenly appears like some robber stronghold hidden from the outer world, a fitting center for the forbidden slave trade which continued even to recent years. In spite of the vivid sunshine, the dark, forbidding mountains give a sombre note to the picture, besides adding to the discomfort of the place by radiating with redoubled intensity the heat of the sun. Upon closer inspection the picturesqueness of Maskat's first appearance is sadly offset by its squalor and filth and all the unlovely features of a truly Mohammedan environment. Through the narrow, dusty streets a motley crowd of Arabs, Baluchis, Indians, Persians and Negroes go their different ways in leisurely oriental fashion; and looking at some of them we are inclined to accept the verdict of an old sea captain that "manners they have none, and their customs are beastly." The missionaries working here, however, would deny such a sweeping condemnation, and visiting the little cemetery in its lonely cove at the foot of a rugged peak one cannot but believe that the lives here laid down will yet influence for good even such unpromising members of the human race.

Jask, on the Persian side, two hundred miles away, owes its chief interest to the fact that it is the connecting link in the Indo-European Telegraph line, the overland wires from Karachi and the under-sea from Bushire meeting here.

From here we turn toward the Arabian coast again and as we round Cape Musandam, a rocky promontory rising abruptly out of the sea, we see in the distance one of the most historic spots in the Gulf. Here on an island twelve miles in extent, and said to be the driest in the world, without a single well or spring of fresh water, flourished the city of Ormuz in the 16th and 17th centuries, amazing Western travelers by its splendor. Seeing it now in its bareness and desolation one can hardly credit the reports of its magnificent palaces with their rare furnishings and jewels and princely banquets, and we can only marvel at the genius which made such an uninviting spot into the earthly paradise of the historian. On the Persian mainland, at a distance of a few miles, is Bunder Abbas, so named by the English who helped Shah Abbas to drive the Portuguese conquerors from this port between Ormuz and the interior. An English factory was afterward established here, making this the chief entrance across Persia to Ispahan. With the opening of other trade routes its greatness waned, and it now occupies no important place, commercially or otherwise.

Kishm, a nearby island, seems more closely related to the Western world than these other ancient ruins, it being the burial place of William Baffin, the explorer of the bay which now bears his name. He was one of the Englishmen who lost his life in the Anglo-Persian attack which wrested the island from the Portuguese intruders.

Remarkable tales of lawlessness, wild adventure and mystery center around these dead cities, and Kishm is a name to conjure with. One story concerns the adventures of Thomas Horton, an English tailor's apprentice, whose later life was one long chapter of intrigue and daring. In the early years of the 19th century he left the merchandise in which he was then dealing at Busrah and became commander-in-chief of the "naval forces" of the Arab Sheikh of Kishm. This Sheikh he afterward murdered, had himself elected ruler in his stead, and settled down to the life of an orthodox Moslem. For twenty-five years he governed kindly and justly the people whose customs and religion he had made his own, and with which he was so contented that he never returned to the land of his birth.

This forgotten corner of the East is full of more recent stories of strange careers, some surprising almost to the point of incredibility in our prosaic Western world, but with a farewell sigh for its vanished greatness we must hasten on our way until we finally reach our destination,—the pearl islands of the Gulf, where your missionaries are to-day adventuring for God.

Picnics in Kuweit

MRS. BESSIE A. MYLREA.

What does the word picnic bring up to your mind? A cloudless sky—a warm but fresh invigorating day—a shady grassy spot—lovely trees with graceful drooping branches and a brook or spring near by.

When I tell you that Kuweit is exactly the opposite I am sure you will say, "Then there is no word for picnic in the Arabic language." Kuweit has the sea in front of it and then sand, sand, sand stretching off into —, the very last place for picnics and yet this spring I have realized as never before how much man is the same the world over.

There are two small hills, about 35 ft. above sea level, just outside the town of Kuweit to the west. The first one is called the Hill of Joy and the second the Hill of Light. The mission doctor's residence now stands on the Hill of Joy, and many of our callers consider it still quite a picnic to come to the Hill of Joy, but of course the Hill of Light is *the* place for picnics.

The last of February when the coldest weather was over—the cold which the missionaries revelled in and which our Arab friends said "ate them"—the picnic season began. Our friends with a certain light in their eyes would say, "Have you been picnicking yet? Will you go with us some day?" We used to see little black groups on the Hill of Light, sitting in the full glare of the relentless sun, enjoying themselves as much as if they were in a lovely woody spot. They know no better. The joy to the women and young girls is to get outside of their walled-in courtyards, throw aside that everlasting fear of men seeing their faces and to feel the freedom and vastness of the desert and the sea.

The Moslem schools have from a week to ten days' holiday, and the little girls, dressed in their best bright coloured silk gowns with gold ornaments on their hair and bedecked in all the bracelets and rings they own or can borrow, looked like little groups of butterflies when we met them on the roads. They spend the first few days in the school courtyard learning to dance and finally the day comes when their teacher takes them to the Hill of Light. If it is a cloudy day so much the better. They are all up soon after dawn, and as the toilet consists in dabbing a little water on face and hands, feeling each gold ornament to be sure it is firmly attached and then slipping on the silk gown which was reluctantly laid aside last night, the little butterflies are ready. They are too excited to drink much tea and so after hard play and dancing are ready for their picnic lunch, consisting of rice and fish or mutton. Their mothers are much relieved when they come home safely with all their jewelry. Many times a nose-ring, a bracelet, or perhaps a hair ornament is missing and of course it is sure to be the borrowed one.

One day some very nice neighbors of ours asked Miss Schafheitlin and me to go on a picnic with them. We went to their house at 11 A.M. and found they had decided to have our lunch at home and just take our tea with us. This pleased us, as the sun was pouring down the Hill of Light and we had not looked forward to eating our lunch on the sand. Lunch over, a small basket was packed. A few pieces of charcoal were put in first and then a bit of camel thorn and on top the cups and saucers, a little bundle of tea and a bundle of sugar. The young girl put the basket on her head and carried a kettle filled with water in each hand. The daughter-in-law carried the little son and led the little girl by the hand and the mother followed a little behind us all. The hill was very popular that day and as soon as the different groups spied our white toppees they rushed upon us. This did not suit our hostesses and yet we could not get the women and children to go back to their own picnics. We were almost carried off bodily by our friends but our hostess said to them, "If you want them you must invite them and take them from their house as we did." Finally they left us and we were able to start our fire and make our tea. After that we played games and tobogganed down the sandy hill.

We promised to go with them soon again dressed in our Arab clothes, hoping in that way to attract less attention. We went again in about ten days and all would have gone well if our big dog had not caught the picnic spirit and insisted on going with us. As soon as the children saw him they knew we must be near and soon spied us by our feet. We can't go bare-footed when we dress as Arabs and I am afraid it always gives us away. However, we had a very good time.

Our last picnic was only a few weeks ago. The Sheikh's wife invited us to go with her to what is called Sheikh Jabir's Castle, a house in the Eastern end beyond the town and near the sea, where the Sheikh or the harem go for a few days to get away from city life.

The Sheikh's wife came for us in the carriage about 9 A.M. As it was strictly Ladies' Day we were entertained in the big airy room belonging to the men. There were a number of women and children there and every one seemed ready for a good time. The children all had birds to play with. I wish I could have counted the number of pretty little birds that were tortured that day. As at home the season comes around for marbles, hoops, jumping rope, etc., so the time comes here when every child must have a bird. These birds can be bought in the bazaar, and the older boys catch them with clever little traps. The children cut or twist one wing and tie a string around one leg. Every few minutes the little bird thinks he is free and is pulled back with an awful jerk.

The middle of the morning we were given Arab bread and sweets and then were told that there was to be dancing in our honour. When we went back to the big room there sat a slave with a big mandoline and soon girls took turns dancing. It was amusing for a while but soon became monotonous. There is none of the gracefulness which we are used to in our Western dancing.

The lunch was prepared in town and sent out on donkeys, so was very late in coming, but was very good when it came. About 4 P.M. I asked if the carriage were ready. They said it was ready, but they would be delighted to have us stay on to supper. We made our excuses and said good-bye. Our Christian home looked so inviting when we got back—we were once more thankful that we were not Moslem women.

Entering the New Doors

BY REV. CHARLES R. WATSON, D.D.

There has come to us in these days a very unique stimulus. We are beginning to analyze our devotion to Jesus Christ and to ask ourselves whether, after all, it has amounted to much, viewed in the light of the exhibitions of men's devotion in other quarters.

A few months ago I returned from the nearer East by a route that took us through the war zone of Europe. Whatever one may see passing through that war zone, I am sure he can never get away from the impression made by the devotion that men are revealing in their defense of earthly kingdoms and earthly causes . . .

On the way to London we passed through Cambridge and Oxford. Ordinarily there are thirty-five hundred students in each of these colleges but now there were only seven hundred. They told me that every man who was able to pass the physical examination had gone to the front. . . .

In London, I found that the casualty lists were ten thousand a week, and one could imagine at least four mourning for each one that would fall. That brought a fresh army of forty thousand mourners into the life of the nation every week. The last night I was in London made a deep impression on me. . . . Through the open window of my hotel I could hear the broken-hearted sobs of a woman in a room near by. It was a little bit of news from the front that had struck home. . . .

In France I learned that there are thirty thousand men who have lost one or both eyes in the war. They are being taught piano tuning, music, and things like that whereby they may be able to learn a living in the next twenty or forty years they have to live. . . .

One cannot see such examples of self-sacrifice in the service of one's country and be satisfied with the way we are serving Jesus Christ. . . . Those men and women of Europe have set new standards of devotion. . . .

If we are to press into these open doors presented to us in the mission fields with the devotion to Jesus Christ that we ought to have, we must set our wills and our resolutions in the direction of action. . . . We cannot long hold in solution our emotions; we must relate them to special activities and agencies.

What then are some things we can do through this American Christian Literature Society for Moslems? First, we ought to *enlarge our membership*. This organization is young and has less than two hundred members. It ought to have five hundred members speedily.

Then we must have not only enlarged membership, but *enlarged vision*. We have taken on a new name: "The American Christian Literature Society for Moslems." Tremendous it is! "American"? How much of America has been related to this enterprise? How many churches of America are even represented remotely in our meeting? And "Christian Literature"! What a limited area of Christian literature have we undertaken to put forth! What fields there are for us yet to explore! "For Moslems"! We have as yet just touched the Moslems in a few places and that in a most superficial way.

And then we want a *deepened life*. It is not right that we shall be related to a great cause like this without having a deep purpose that will reach down into our prayer life, down into the plans of our life, down into our whole relation to Jesus Christ. . . .

Then I plead also for *prayer*. Surely we ought to make that a very definite objective. We have not lifted prayer yet to the level of efficiency. We seek contributions of money. Do we get contributions of prayer with equal definiteness? There are those who hold the talent of money. There are also those who hold the talent of prayer. Are we enlisting them? . . .

To those things we may add this. Not only do we need enlarged membership, not only do we need enlarged vision, not only do we need the deepened life, and not only do we need more prayer, but we need specifically and definitely *greater achievement*. There are certain things that ought to be done. Let us discover a way to get them done! One hundred dollars will actually put forth an entire edition of a certain type of leaflet and finance it as it goes forth in all these different Moslem lands. A little comes back on sales that can be used over again in the further issue of that same leaflet. Another specific piece of work is the engaging of colporteurs. At from two to five hundred dollars a year a man may be engaged who will be the distributor of the Christian leaflets among Moslems, and furthermore by his life he will drive home the message. Or there is the establishing of reading rooms, estimated to cost from five hundred to a thousand dollars each. They will be placed where they have been asked for. For example, they are asking that one be put at Port Said at this time. Then, too, a single foreign missionary may be supported for seven hundred dollars, a married man for fourteen hundred dollars. Some one then can be released and given the distinctive task of translating some of our Christian literature for the benefit of Moslems. . . .

These are among some of the specific things that can be done by the members and friends of the American Christian Literature Society for Moslems.

Personal Letter

The "Fushimi Maru,"
October 14th, 1916.

DEAR DOCTOR MILLER:—

We are out on the Yellow Sea pointed toward China, and one stage of our journey is over. Our stay in Japan was longer by two weeks than we had planned, but in a long journey like ours plans are seldom fully carried out, and one must learn to take the despoiling of one's time with patience. As a matter of fact since we learned that our Annual Meeting was not likely to be held this year as is usual, early in November, our reaching Arabia by the first of that month does not seem such a vital thing, and we are more cheerfully enjoying the privilege of seeing more of Japan. A combination of circumstances, among them a week of rain, has confined our activities pretty much to Yokohama and Tokyo, and prevented us from seeing our missionaries and their work at the stations inland; but our people at the former places were most cordial, and left nothing to be desired in the way of hospitality and kindly attention. Besides our own schools we were able to visit a number of those of our sister denominations, and certainly brought away a hearty appreciation of the opportunity offered for influencing for good the young men and women of Japan. It was also a great privilege to worship on a Sunday with the Japanese congregations, of which there are many in these two cities. These

native church bodies, together with the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations, greatly gladdened our hearts, who come from a land where there is still so much of sowing and little of reaping. But that there is very much of the former still to be done here is evident, even to the passerby, and it will be a great sorrow to all those who pray for the coming of His kingdom if, through the failure of our own Church, the Good Tidings are withheld from this people.

Again at Nagasaki we greatly enjoyed going on shore and visiting the well-known Steele Academy, which houses nearly four hundred boys. Its commanding position and excellent equipment were easily recognized. Its efficiency would seem to be vouched for by the number and application of its students. Our short stay in the harbor of only a few hours denied us the pleasure of taking the short train journey out to those other stations with which you are so well acquainted through the annual reports. I have often thought how you, who have had a peculiar interest in the Japan work, would have enjoyed the opportunities that have been ours these last few days. I trust your turn will come before long.

One cannot but be vividly impressed with the diversity and vitality of Japan's intellectual and commercial life, and proud that our Church has been chosen to play such an important part in the directing of her spiritual destinies. To have a hand on the rudder that decides the course of this mighty nation is a responsibility and honor before which one may gladly dedicate all one's days and powers. May our Church follow unreservedly the future marked out for her by God's providence!

I am sorry that there seems no possibility of our being able to see anything of our work in China. We could not possibly spend the time necessary to run up to Amoy from Hongkong where we stop in passing.

With very cordial greetings,

Yours truly,

JAMES CANTINE.

The Doctor's Greatest Opportunity

PAUL W. HARRISON, M.D.

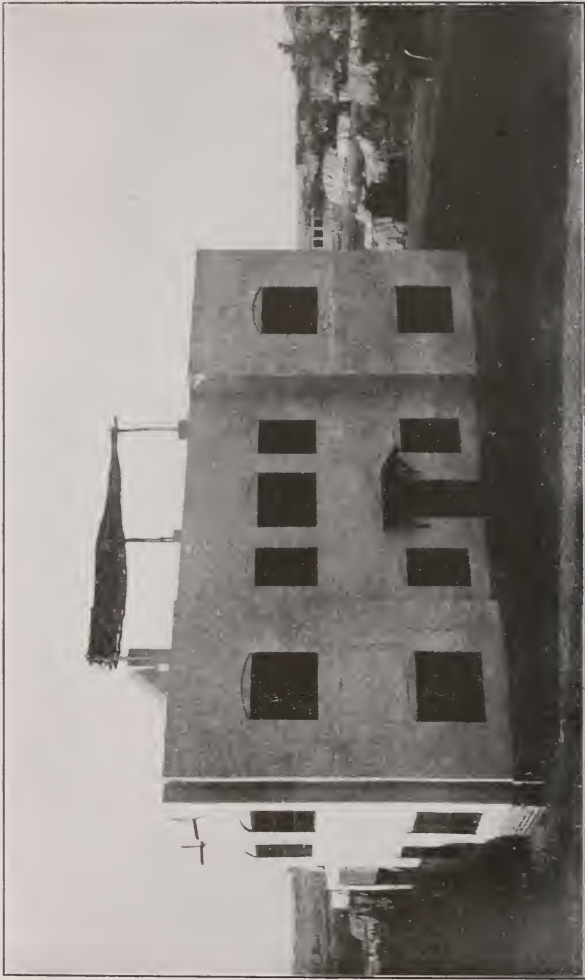


The greatest opportunity open to the Christian doctor to-day is in medical missionary work. Such work offers the gratification of all his finest professional ideals; it offers such an opportunity for genuine brotherliness as he can find nowhere else; not only his spare time, but his whole day's work will count with its full weight for the Kingdom of God.

The work of the medical missionary lies in a large and utterly neglected field. I speak more particularly of my own field of Arabia, but what I say is measurably true of all fields that need the medical missionary. Every service that he could render to society at home is needed. Absolutely nothing is known of hygiene. I remember that one of my Arab neighbors threw his recently dead sheep into the narrow road in front of his house. The road offered him an open spot, convenient in size, and easily accessible. Why not throw the carcass there? The mere fact that an American nose found the locality almost unlivable for some days did not concern him.

There is no adequate treatment of the sick. Asepsis and anesthesia are unknown. The pulling of a tooth sometimes takes hours, or even days; branding is universally used for every ill, imaginary or real; malaria is common, and any notion of how it is to be treated is quite lacking; tuberculosis is fearfully prevalent, because there is not the faintest idea of how it is spread or of how it may be prevented.

A medical man with a first-class training, placed in the midst of such conditions, has a wonderful professional opportunity. Problems requiring investigation abound, and there is such a wealth of clinical material that he has all that he can do to keep from being swamped. The only limitations are those of ability, training and physical strength.



HOUSE IN BAHREIN IN WHICH DR. AND MRS. HARRISON WILL LIVE. IT STANDS OPPOSITE THE HOSPITAL.
THE ROOF IS USED AS A SLEEPING PORCH.

Only a few days' journey from the hospital at Busrah is a small district in Persia where perhaps ten per cent. of the population is afflicted with vesical calculus. They come to the hospital for operation in dozens and in hundreds, and for years I have been hoping to have a few free months to spend there in the search for some clue to the etiology of the trouble.



BAHREIN HOSPITAL

It is a mistake to suppose that the best work can not be done on the mission field. Hernias can be done under local anesthesia and sewn up with silk in Arabia as well as in Baltimore or in Boston, and there is a peculiar satisfaction in maintaining a professional ideal in the midst of great difficulties.

Then, too, the opportunity of the medical missionary is perhaps the finest in the world for the man who really believes in universal brotherhood. After all, the glory of medicine is not its scientific attainments, but, fundamentally, its outlook on all humanity as one family, with medicine as humanity's universal servant.

The East is East, and the West is West, but there is one who brings them together—the medical missionary. The Oriental may highly respect other westerners; he may even regard them with an almost superstitious reverence, but the doctor he knows as a brother. When his boy has run away or when some new tax has been levied, when his daughter is to be married, or when his baby is to be buried, it is to the doctor that he is likely to come.

I know of no field that surpasses in opportunity for brotherliness that of the medical missionary. His many friends come to him for help and advice on all kinds of subjects, taking his time, but not interfering, however, with his real work; for he is there to be a big brother to men and women and children who have no other, and whose needs are pitifully intense. His is a job that puts a man's soul next to the naked needs of the world, that turns the hair gray, that shortens life—but for the man who really believes in universal brotherhood it is a magnificent work.

But the supreme appeal of the mission field is not the great need for medical relief; it is not even the appeal for brotherly service, except as that service is spiritual as well as physical. The real trouble with the Mohammedan, the Hindu, and the South Sea Islander is not that tuberculosis is common, and that boys with smallpox run at large as soon as they are well enough to get out of bed. Here is the difficulty: there is no hygiene of the body, because filthy food, filthy dishes and filthy towns look as good to them as clean food, clean dishes and a clean town. There is no moral cleanliness because beastly self-indulgence looks just as good to them as chastity; indeed, it looks better.

The real service of the medical missionary is in the bringing of Christ into the lives of these people. In many places no one else can do it as well as he, and in others none can do it but himself. The man who goes as a medical missionary goes out to bring Christ to the people among whom he works. He proceeds as tactfully, as patiently, and with all the courtesy and respect for the other fellow's convictions which would characterize his efforts if he should try to bring Christ into the life of one of his best friends in this country. His steady purpose, as he carries out his professional ideas every day, his

continual effort as he wears himself out, is to put into their lives the Christ that he has in his own.

Medical work mends bodies; brotherliness of a purely human sort helps individuals, but men and society are regenerated by spiritual means. Egypt is a good example. In that land there has been established a small community of sincere followers of Christ. Already polygamy is being ridiculed in the theaters and condemned in the public press.

The medical missionary is a success if he succeeds in bringing Christ into the hearts of men. Failing there, he is a complete failure. The call is for men of the highest professional caliber—world citizens and democrats—socialists at heart—from whom pride and prejudice of race have disappeared; but, above all, the call is for men who know Christ and who go out with the desire to make other men know Him, too.

“Honor to Whom Honor”

EDWARD W. MILLER.

At the last meeting of the trustees of the Arabian Mission it was unanimously voted to request Dr. James Cantine and Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer to accept the position of honorary trusteeship of the mission. This action was taken in grateful recognition of the distinguished services rendered by these two founders of the Arabian Mission.

It is now a quarter of a century since these gentlemen, then theological students, conceived of the project of a Mission to Arabia and dedicated themselves to the task of introducing Christianity into this most neglected and fanatical of Mohammedan lands—a heroic undertaking involving many difficulties and perils. It was conceived in high faith and youthful enthusiasm. It has been prosecuted with unwavering fidelity and inexhaustible patience and the love that never faileth. And only now, after more than a score of years, does the harvest from their long sowing begin to show signs of ripening.

It was on October 16, 1889, that Dr. Cantine sailed for Syria, where he studied Arabic in the Presbyterian Mission at Beirut. In November of the following year he was joined by Dr. Zwemer and proceeded to Arabia. They went out in true Abrahamic faith, not knowing whither they went, but determined to find a foothold for the Gospel in southern or eastern Arabia. Their journey of exploration took them to Maskat and Bahrein and ultimately to Busrah, where the first station was established and work begun. Here and elsewhere along the western shore of the Persian Gulf Dr. Cantine has spent the years that have followed, in apostolic labors and adventures—in journeys often, in perils of robbers, in perils in

the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils on the sea." But he has survived it all in good health and high spirits, and has seen the Mission enlist wide and wider interest here at home, and establish one station after another along the Persian Gulf, and grow in numbers from the original pair to a goodly company of thirty men and women animated by the heroic spirit of its founders. He has remained its recognized leader, clear of vision, conciliatory in spirit, wise in counsel. His furloughs spent here at home have been scarcely less valuable to the cause than his years upon the field. During his last visit to America, just ended, he served the Board of Foreign Missions as acting foreign secretary in the absence of Dr. Chamberlain, and devoted his wide experience and mature judgment to the administration of our entire work abroad.

The service of Dr. Zwemer to the Arabian Mission has been to a large degree along other lines. Though Dr. Cantine's able colleague in the founding and formative years of the Mission, his extraordinary gifts in public speech, his natural leadership among young men and his strong bent toward authorship have gradually widened his field of operation and influence. His repeated visits to Great Britain and America have afforded him unusual opportunities to present the spiritual needs of the Mohammedan to great audiences on special occasions, to numerous groups of students, and through interviews to many individuals of wealth and influence. By these means as well as by his informing books he has enlisted wide interest in the work in Arabia and in the whole Mohammedan world. While on furlough in this country he has served our Board of Foreign Missions as field secretary. He has also rendered efficient service as one of the secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement and as speaker on special occasions for the Laymen's Movement, the World's Sunday-school Association and similar organizations. Because of these wider relationships Dr. Zwemer, though remaining on our list of missionaries in Arabia, since 1912 has been serving not Arabia alone, but all the Mohammedan lands through his editorial and educational work in Cairo, where he directs the activities of the Nile Mission Press, teaches in a mission theological seminary and engages in evangelistic work.

Last autumn Drs. Cantine and Zwemer, so long associated in Arabia, gave the impetus of their united leadership to the Arabian Campaign through which the sum of \$25,000 was raised in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the mission. It is in further recognition of this anniversary and in acknowledgment of their invaluable service to the cause of Christ in Arabia that the trustees have requested these revered founders of the mission to accept an honorary position upon its Board of Administration.

—*Christian Intelligence*, Oct. 11, 1916.

Dr. Harrison's Marriage

REV. JOHN Y. BROEK.

Note: Mr. Broek is pastor of the Trinity Reformed Church of Plainfield, N. Y., which provides Dr. Harrison's salary.

Miss Regina Rabbe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad C. Rabbe, of Catonsville, Maryland, and Dr. Paul Wilberforce Harrison, of Bahrein, Arabia, were united in marriage on Tuesday evening, November 7, 1916, at eight o'clock, in the First English Lutheran Church, Baltimore, Md., by the Rev. Ezra K. Bell, D.D., pastor of the church, in the presence of a large congregation.



MRS. HARRISON.

The church was decorated with palms and white chrysanthemums. The bride wore a gown of white net with tulle veil and carried a white prayer-book. She entered the church with her father, who gave her in marriage. The bride's attendants were her two sisters, Misses Irma and Olga Rabbe. They wore gowns of white net and carried pink chrysanthemums.

Mr. Clinton Harrison, brother of the bridegroom, was the best man. The ushers were Charles T. Meyer, Dabney Kerr, George Schwartz, Harry Dimling, Bowie Smith, Alfred Pfitsch.

After the ceremony a reception was held in the parlors of the church.

The bride is a graduate of the Union Protestant Infirmary Training School for Nurses, of Baltimore. Dr. Harrison is a graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School and has been engaged in medical missionary work of our Church in Arabia for several years.

A Mother in Israel

At her home in Stone Ridge, Ulster County, N. Y., there passed into the other life, on November 24th, Mrs. Charlotte Hasbrouck Cantine, the mother of Dr. James Cantine, of Arabia.

Mrs. Cantine, for many years a widow, had reached the extraordinary age of ninety-nine years, and until her last brief illness remained active in mind and body, with senses unimpaired and a keen interest in all the events of the day.

A large part of Dr. Cantine's last furlough was spent with her at the family homestead, one of the amply proportioned stone farm-



CANTINE HOMESTEAD AT STONE RIDGE, N. Y.

houses so characteristic of the Rondout Valley. It was here that, more than twenty-five years ago, there met Prof. J. G. Lansing, of New Brunswick Seminary, and Samuel M. Zwemer and James Cantine, then theological students, to draw up the plans and outline the constitution of the projected Mission to Arabia. Thus has this old farmhouse, in its narrow picturesque valley between the Shawangunks and the Catskills, become related to the movement of world-wide evangelism, and the simple annals of its home life become tangent to the romance of *The Arabian Nights*.

Dr. Cantine was his mother's youngest child. After his graduation from Union College in 1883 he was engaged for three years in the civil engineer's profession for which he had prepared himself.

Then came the clear call to the gospel ministry in heathen lands. When he had completed his seminary course and was ready for his work abroad, his mother was already an aged woman, and there were those who suggested that, in view of his mother's advanced years, he might well postpone his going to Arabia till after her decease. Not so the mother herself, who, though tenderly devoted to her gifted son, gladly surrendered him to his perilous mission.

It is touching to recall the fact that when Dr. Cantine first took his departure for Arabia and bade farewell to his mother, then over seventy-one years of age, it was with the mutual feeling that they would never meet on earth again. But in this they have been most happily disappointed, for more than twenty-five years have since passed and Dr. Cantine has four times come home on furlough, and made long, happy visits with his mother at the old home, and four times since have they parted with the feeling that their next meeting would be in the other life.

The Prospect of Help

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church, U. S. A. ("German Reformed"), at its annual meeting in March, 1916, took definite action in regard to the opening of a station in the Moslem world. It is prepared to select the field and the missionaries,—a physician and an evangelist, when the necessary funds for negotiable guarantees amounting to \$5,000 annually are placed in the hands of the Board to enable it to carry on the work for at least five years, and has specified that these funds be in addition to the contributions now given for their work in Japan and China. A special committee was appointed to consider this important matter.

At the meeting of this Board in November, 1916, the Foreign Secretary of our own Foreign Mission Board was present by invitation and placed before it the opportunity for work in the Moslem world on the Eastern Coast of the Persian Gulf, suggesting that Bushire and Bunder Abbas in Persia might be the two centers of work, and that a chain of out-stations might be developed along the Persian Coast between these cities. The recent visit of the Foreign Secretary to the Persian Gulf and the unusual opportunity which he had to observe conditions on the Persian Coast enabled him to speak with fuller information than would otherwise have been possible. The matter has been taken into consideration by the Board of the Reformed Church in the U. S. A.

It would be a pleasure to the Trustees of the Arabian Mission, as also to the members of that Mission, to welcome representatives of our sister Church in work among Moslems in a region so near to our own. The work of these two Boards is closely associated in Japan, and it is very natural that Churches so intimately related in history and doctrine should be thus associated in the mission field.

News Items

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. James Cantine left New York on the evening of August 31 on their long journey back to the Persian Gulf and to service again in the Arabian Mission, of which Dr. Cantine was the first member and founder. The best wishes of their many friends accompanied them on their journey. This circle of friendship has been much enlarged during the past year because of Dr. Cantine's presence in the office of the Board and his wide and very pleasant contact with many ministers and other leaders of our Church life during his incumbency of the office of Foreign Secretary of the Board, the duties of which he discharged with so much acceptance.

Word has been received from Dr. and Mrs. Cantine of their arrival in Japan and of their unexpected detention there by failure of the steamship company to carry out their agreements. They, however, profited by the two weeks' delay, abiding and traveling in the territory of our Japan missions.

Further letters have been received from Dr. and Mrs. Cantine from Shanghai, China. They have been met with letters from the Amoy and Arcot Missions urging them to delay long enough in Amoy and Arcot to give these missions the pleasure of entertaining them and showing them something of their work as they pass on their way to the Arabian Mission.

Early in August a cablegram was received in the office of the Board from Dr. Zwemer from Alexandria, stating that his wife and two little girls were ill with mild typhoid, and requesting the prayerful remembrance of his friends in this country. Assurances of such remembrance were at once sent by cablegram. A few days later a further message was received from Dr. Zwemer, stating that the children were convalescing and that Mrs. Zwemer was progressing slowly toward recovery. Subsequent to that time, no further news has been received from Cairo, which fact permits of the comforting assurance that the promise of recovery has been in all probability continued. The many friends of Dr. and Mrs. Zwemer will greatly rejoice that in these troublesome times they have been spared any continuing sorrow.

Miss Fanny Lutton sailed from Vancouver on November 2 in company with the party for India, with a view to rejoining the Mission in the Persian Gulf by January, 1917. At her own urgent request and with the approval of the medical officer of the Board she has shortened very much the furlough to which she was entitled in order that she might sooner rejoin the Mission, whose active force has been much reduced.

Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Calverley sailed from Seattle on October 14, hoping to rejoin the Arabian Mission by January, 1917. Dr. T. H. Mackenzie, the chairman of the Executive Committee and the pastor of the church which supports Mr. and Mrs. Calverley as their missionaries on the field, traveled to their home in York, Pa., to bid them goodbye and assure them of the best wishes of the church and of the Board prior to their leaving there on their journey to the Persian Gulf.

Rev. and Mrs. G. D. Van Peursem welcomed a little daughter into their home on November 6.

On November 7, Dr. Paul W. Harrison was married to Miss Regina Rabbe of Baltimore, Md. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison sailed from Seattle on the S. S. "Inaba Maru" on November 22, traveling by way of Japan, China and India to their field of labor in the Persian Gulf.

The following members of the Mission will be returning on their furloughs, some of them much overdue, during 1917:

Rev. F. J. Barny will join Mrs. Barny and their children, who have been living in New Brunswick, N. J., for the last three years.

Rev. and Mrs. John Van Ess are having the pleasure of a visit in Busrah from the mother and sister of the latter during this winter.

During the hot months of last summer Rev. and Mrs. D. Dykstra, Mrs. Van Ess, Mrs. Mylrea and Miss Schafheitlin were fortunately able to reach the mountains of Northern India for a little change and enjoyment of cooler air.

